

Highlights®

THE MONTHLY BOOK
for Children

January
1973

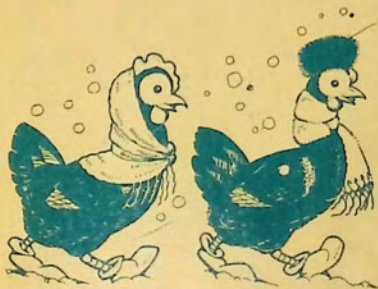
INCLUDING

Children's
Activities®

fun

with a
purpose

Hello!



for Children

Volume 28
Number 1
January 1973

This book of wholesome fun
is dedicated
to helping children grow
in basic skills and knowledge
in creativeness
in ability to think and reason
in sensitivity to others
in high ideals
and worthy ways of living—
for CHILDREN are the
world's most important people

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Achievement in
Bringing About
a Better
Understanding
of the American
Way of Life

Winter Wind

By Margaret D. Larson

The wind is a lion,
I hear him roar.
He rattles the window
And slams the door.

He whirls the snow
And piles it high.
He chases the clouds
Across the sky.

The trees feel him blow,
And they bend and sway
Right down to the earth,
To get out of his way.

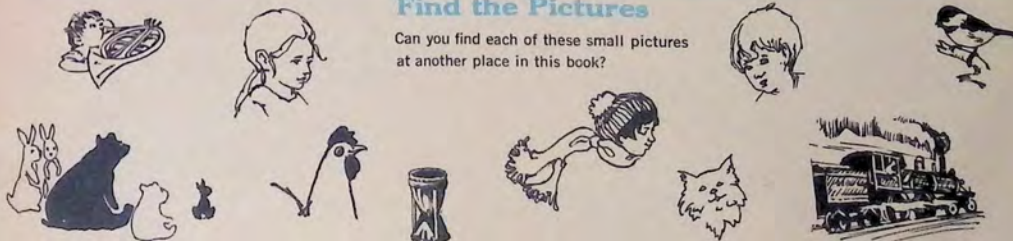
He hurries past houses
And on down the street.
He howls with glee
If the rain turns to sleet.

And when all the people
Hurry and run,
The wild wind laughs
For he's having fun.



Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these small pictures at another place in this book?



This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Smiles and Laughter	Moral and Spiritual Values	Poetry, Music, and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓	✓					✓			✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓		✓					
6 Santos and French Horn			✓								
8 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
9 Easy Thinking	✓	✓								✓	
10 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
11 Hans Brinker, Matching			✓							✓	
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓		✓						✓	
13 Sammy Spivens			✓	✓		✓					
14 A Railroad Man			✓						✓		
15 Jokes			✓		✓						
16 The Bear Family	✓	✓			✓						
17 Suzie's Surprise		✓									
18 Thinking for Fun	✓	✓								✓	
19 Verse		✓	✓				✓				
20 Blue People of Sahara			✓						✓		
22 The Lonely Giant		✓									
24 Language of Birds			✓					✓			
26 All Flags Flying			✓								
29 Franz Schubert			✓				✓				
30 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓								✓	
31 U.S. Presidents			✓						✓		
32 Our Own Page		✓	✓							✓	
33 Science Letters			✓					✓			
34 Stan Mikita			✓								
36 Ripples on a Pond			✓				✓				
38 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓		✓		✓					
39 Three-Legged Chicken			✓		✓						
40 January Make-it Fun		✓	✓							✓	
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	
43 What's Wrong?		✓								✓	

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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Let's Talk Things Over

It's nice to learn by heart things you have read or heard somebody else read. When you were only three or four, you may have been able to say from memory a nursery rhyme you had heard many times. When your daddy read a story to you that he had often read before, you were able to correct him if he miscalled a single word. But you didn't read then—you just remembered.

One day, perhaps, you said to your doll or puppy, "Now, I will read to you." You opened the book and turned the pages. But you just pretended to read. As your daddy heard you, he noticed you were saying the story just as it appeared in the book. You had remembered the story just as you had often heard it.

Long before you really learned to read, you may have learned by heart many nursery rhymes and poems and stories, just from hearing them.

Now you are eight or ten or twelve, and you have read many stories and poems yourself. Some of these you like so well you read them over and over again. You may be able to tell some of these stories in your own words. You may be able to say some of the poems word for word from memory. Maybe you just remember them without trying to do so. Or you may like a certain poem so well you decide to learn it by heart. So you read it over and over until you can say it without looking. You memorize it.

Also you may come across some sentences or

A Wish

I like music.

I wish there were some way

To learn to play

Without practicing.

But there is not.

The only thing for me to do—

And the same goes for you—

Is to make myself practice.

Faithfully every day.

I can do it.

—G.C.M.



"Now, I will read to you."

groups of sentences which don't look the same as poetry. We call them prose. You may like so much the sound of the words and the ideas they express as to make yourself learn them by heart.

It is fun to memorize your favorites. Then you can carry them around in your head and say them anywhere, anytime, just as if you were reading them from a book. Your mother or grandmother may carry around in her head some poetry or prose she learned when she was very young, even younger than you are now. Perhaps she would like to say some of them for you.

If you are in an assembly program at school, you may say some things from memory, some things you learned by heart.

At church school, you may learn some beautiful short prayers or songs, or some verses from the Bible. Some children can say from memory whole chapters from the Bible.

Sometimes you learn such things because your mother or father, teacher, or religious leader believes they are worth memorizing. Trying to please them, you work hard at learning these things by heart. After you have memorized them, you are very proud of what you have done. Lazy persons can't do that. A fish or bird or dog could not. Only bright, industrious persons like you can store up such treasures in your head and carry them around for a lifetime.

Garry C. Myers

Santos and the French Horn

By Kitty Miller

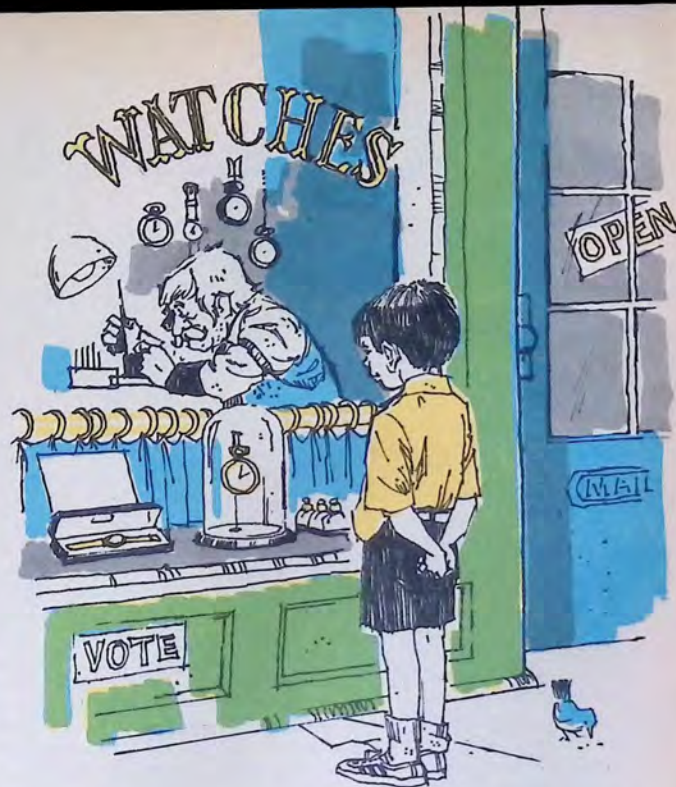
Santos Rivas thought the watchmaker's shop was the most exciting place in the entire city. Often he would look into the window and see old Mr. Deutsch with a magnifying glass in one eye, bending over his high desk fixing a watch. And when Santos heard the watchmaker playing his French horn to the accompaniment of a John Philip Sousa march on the phonograph, he would always stop to listen. "Someday I will play the French horn in our school band," he vowed. "Someday I will ask Mr. Deutsch to teach me to play the French horn in return for work I can do in his shop."

One day Santos decided, "If I want to play in our school band next year, I've got to ask him today." He stood outside the shop until he worked up the courage to enter. "Good day, Mr. Deutsch," he said. "When I hear you play the French horn, it makes me happy. Next year I hope to play the French horn in our school band."

The watchmaker squinted to get a better look at the boy.

Santos swallowed hard and went on. "Would you give me lessons on the horn if I worked for you after school?"

The watchmaker stroked his thick gray moustache and smiled. "Can you fix watches?" he asked.



Santos' heart thumped as he answered, "No, but there must be some odd jobs I could do for you."

The old man shook his head. "I'm sorry, young man, but there's not enough work for me to do. People do not get their watches fixed as often as they used to. They buy cheaper watches and send them to the factory to be fixed."

Santos looked around the shop before he left for home. That night, he told his family about the watchmaker. "I'm trying to think of jobs I could do for him," Santos turned to his brother. "Marcos, you have a paper route. Will you help me?"

Marcos nodded. "We will work together."

An hour later Santos looked at

the scribbled notes on his loose-leaf paper. He could hardly wait for tomorrow to come. After school the next day, he visited the watchmaker and told him, "Last night my brother Marcos and I thought we might have some ideas to help improve your business. Will you listen to them?"

The watchmaker nodded.

"Number 1. I'd wash the big front window and the glass case which holds your supplies. I'd make a poster for the door about your experience and where you learned to fix watches."

Mr. Deutsch smiled as he remembered days of long ago. "I started to learn to fix watches when I was twelve years old. There was one

watchmaker and one band in our small village. How I wanted to be a watchmaker and to play in the band! And by the time I left my village for America, I was a good watchmaker and blew the strongest French horn in the band."

Santos smiled and said, "Good. Now, Number 2. Keep the shop open every afternoon until five o'clock. Sometimes you're closed when I pass on my way home from school. I'd draw an old grandfather clock, write the store hours on it, and put it on the front door."

The watchmaker listened attentively.

"Number 3. Write the customer's name on the ticket stub which you tie to his watch. When he comes back, you can look at the stub and call him by name. Marcos says people like you to call them by name."

Mr. Deutsch stroked his moustache, his eyes on Santos' face.

"Number 4. Why don't you sell inexpensive watches for children and young people? Most people don't pay much for children's watches because they often lose

them or break them. And people might be interested in buying watchbands or necklaces."

The watchmaker nodded and thought. Then he said, "I don't know if I want to make all those changes. I'm an old man and I'm satisfied with my shop the way it is."

Santos gulped, thanked Mr. Deutsch, and headed for home. "I'm not giving up this easy," he told himself. "I've got to find a way to play the French horn."

The next afternoon, Santos went to the watchmaker's shop once more. "I have another idea, Mr. Deutsch," he said. "I'll sweep the floor, run errands, dust, shovel the snow, and even carry ashes from your pot-bellied stove to the ash barrel in your yard."

Mr. Deutsch threw back his head and laughed. "Any boy who wants to play the French horn that much deserves a chance. You start tomorrow. You work from 3:30 to 4:30 on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons. I'll give you lessons every Tuesday."



"Have you seen the odd things Tony does on the playground?"

"There's a reason. He doesn't always catch on to what is said to him. Just yesterday I learned that Tony is hard of hearing."

"Oh, maybe that's why. Let's tell the other kids. Maybe we all can be more kind to him."

7

"Thank you, Mr. Deutsch! Thank you!" Santos kept repeating as he left the shop.

Just as Santos and Marcos predicted, business did get better. The customers liked the funny drawings, the friendly service, and the inexpensive watches and necklaces which were for sale. Santos worked hard in the shop during that year and even harder learning to play the French horn.

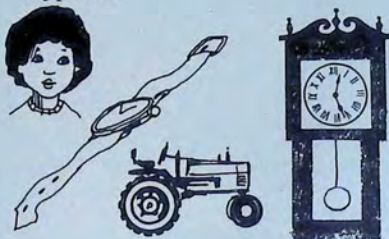
When Allen Junior High opened its football season, Santos marched up the field wearing the blue and yellow uniform and blowing the French horn with all his strength. At halftime, he spied his parents, his brothers and sisters, and Mr. Deutsch in the stands. He waved to them, then slid his hand over the hard shiny surface of the French horn. Smiling to himself, he thought, "I guess if you really want something, you've got to work and work until you get it."



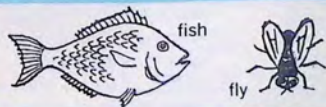
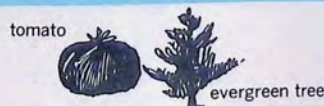
Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

For Wee Folks

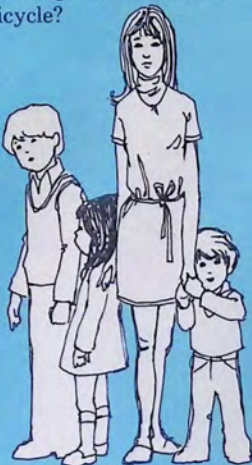
Which run without going anyplace?
When does a car run without going
anyplace?



In each pair, which can stand
more cold?



Guess which of these children
goes to high school.
Which is too young to go to school?
Which might drive a car?
Which might ride a bicycle?
A tricycle?



When you go to bed, about how
long does it take you to go to
sleep?

Do you call to your mother to do
something for you after you are in bed?
How often do you call?

Name some of the things you ask
her to do for you.

Do you sometimes get out of bed
and go to where your mother is?

Do you try to keep awake as long
as you can?

Does a brother or sister sleep
in another bed in the same room
with you?

Do you often talk and laugh before
going to sleep?

In the morning, which of you is
ready for breakfast first?

Riddles

Selected by Children
Seven to Twelve Years of Age

- If you keep me
The way you get me,
No one will know you have me.
What am I? Lynne Jayne—New York
- What keeps his hands on his
face? Susan Bleeden—California
- What gets bigger when it's up-
side down? Martin Duchow—New Hampshire
- Why do dragons sleep in the day-
time? Jana Haskins—Ohio
- Little Miss Twitchet had
but one eye, and a very
long tail, which she let fly.
Every time she went over a gap,
she left a bit of her tail in
the trap. What is she? Tammi Kontz—Iowa
- What do you call a witch that
lives in the desert? Jackie Anderson—Pennsylvania
- What time of day is spelled the
same forward and backward? Susan Craver—Florida
- What fruit is on a dime? Jimmy Marshall—Georgia
- What makes you so hard-boiled? Anne Rygril—Michigan
- Why has Santa Claus taken up
gardening? Alfred Roston—New York
- Why did the man put his car
in the oven? Cindy Frost—Tennessee

Answers:
1. A secret. 2. A clock. 3. The number six. 4. Because
they like to hunt knights. 5. A needle and thread.
6. A sandwich. 7. Noon. 8. A date. 9. I've been in hot
water many times. 10. Because he likes to hoe, hoe,
hoe. 11. Because he wanted a hot rod.



"I'm trying to find something to play with."

How Do They Learn?

Which are taught (by parents or
teacher of a child or other crea-
ture)?

a bird to build a nest
a child to read
a fish to swim
a robin or oriole to sing
a child to say Please
a bee to buzz

a person to swim
a duck to swim
a dog to obey
a cat to purr
a child to write
a child to spell
a baby to cry
a baby to smile
a person to drive a car
a lion to roar
a person to play a violin



Which have wheels?



Hans Brinker

Hidden Pictures

In this big picture find the fireman's hat, policeman's cap, head of a rabbit, cup, number 5, comb, letter C, two fish, fork, snake, letter W, horseshoe, baseball, head of a horse, pencil, bell.

Look on page 11 for little pictures of the hidden objects.

Hans Brinker

Adapted from the book
by Mary Mapes Dodge

Hans Brinker and his sister, Gretel, loved to skate over the frozen canals in Holland. But they were very poor, and could not afford real skates. So Hans made wooden skates for himself and Gretel. The children could skate well, but their crude wooden skates would become damp, stick on the ice, and cause Hans and Gretel to slip.

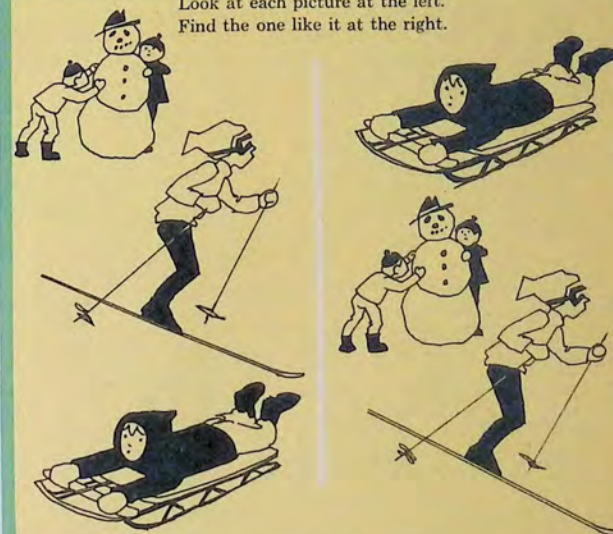
One day the children met a wealthy girl named Hilda who took a liking to them. Hilda offered to give them enough money for a pair of good skates, but they would not accept her gift. Finally, Hans agreed to carve a wooden necklace for Hilda in exchange for the money. This was done, and at last Gretel had a pair of real skates that did not make her slip or hurt her feet.

There were many fine skaters in the village where Hans and Gretel lived, so few people seemed to notice when they entered the great skating match. Forty children were entered, and the prize was to be a pair of silver skates, along with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. After the third mile of a close and exciting race, the news rang through the crowd: Gretel had won the silver skates!

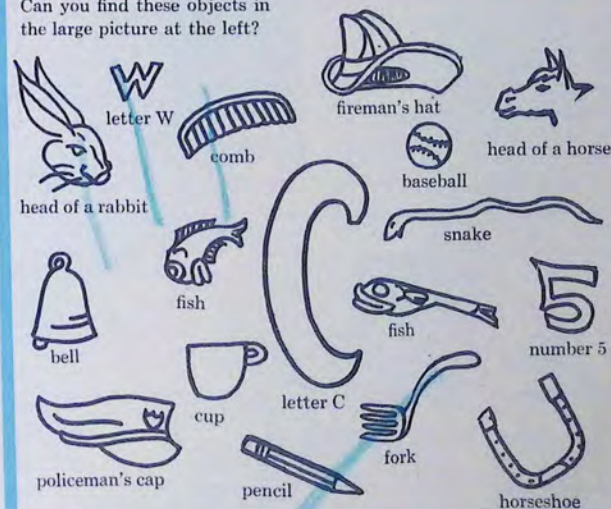
Hans and Gretel grew up to become respected citizens of Amsterdam. And in the village where they were born, people still talked about the devoted and hard-working boy, and the charming little girl who won the silver skates.

Matching Winter Fun

Look at each picture at the left.
Find the one like it at the right.



Can you find these objects in
the large picture at the left?





THE TIMBERTOES

by John Gee



Pa Timbertoes was shoveling snow.



Tommy and Dicky were playing.



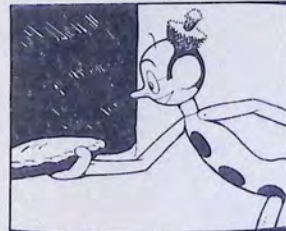
Ma was making an apple pie.



When the pie was baked, Ma set it on the window sill to cool. Pa, out there shoveling, saw her do this.



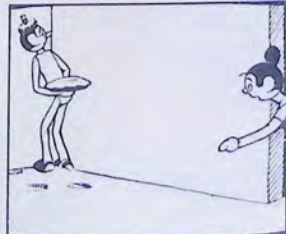
He had a bright idea for fun.



He took the apple pie and hid it. Ma was frantic when she came.



Tommy said he didn't take it.



Ma saw Pa hiding with the pie.



I think they are still running!

★ The beginning reader learns left-to-right progression.



Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips

Illustrated by Sidney Quinn

Hello there:

Everybody is saying it. Everybody is singing it or writing it or swinging it.

May Your New Year Be Happy and Joyous.

So, here we come from HIGH-LIGHTS wishing that 1973 will be happy, joyous, and peaceful for the whole family.

This means that everyone in the family must get a song in his heart and trigger up his get-up-and-go so that each day may become a happier day to live with.

You will remember that each New Year the Spivens family makes good resolutions and discusses just what each, in his own way, can do to bring joy and laughter into the home. Here are some of Sammy's suggested stop signs. (I'm proud of him.)

STOP whimpering and arguing when you can't have your own way. STOP giving forth with "Why can't I?" Settle for the fact that generally parents are right. STOP being a name-caller or a greedy goon or a grumble-mumbler. STOP this snooping to find where they hid the peanut crunch.

"Got some suggestions for co signals?" I asked.

"Got plenty," grinned Sammy. "Go all out to be polite to parents' guests—even when they sometimes call you 'Little Man.'"

"Go to the corner store for your mother even if you are busy assembling your new spaceship. (When mothers bake they always run out of raisins.)"

"Go ask if you can help out around the house—girls and boys, too."

At this point I decided that there should be STOP and GO signals for grownups, too. Let us STOP and LISTEN more to our children. Naturally there are times when we must scold or explain about things that are not fair, or unkind things like name-calling and shoutings and stompings and squabbings.

But later the GO sign would flash when we appreciated their cooperation.

Put all this together and we might well expect that families could really have a happy and joyous New Year in 1973.

Guess what! These ideas caught on like the measles!

Before you knew it the animals held their New Year Meeting!

Butterscotch, Sammy's dog, announced: "Here's my resolution. No more chasing cars. It sends everybody into a tizzy. Already I've given up barking at the mailman."

Chalky the pony shook her mane. "When the Children's Heart Hospital and the Crippled Children's

Home have their garden fete this spring, I'll give every child a ride on my back. Happiness and joy will really come alive."

Columbus the secret mouse announced to his six hundred children, "No more mousey business. Learn to be good by learning what not to do."

"When Mrs. Spivens entertains the Ladies Aid . . . no peeking under the sofa and scaring everyone."

"Also, all whiskers must be washed daily, tails must be twirled in tidy fashion by noon. I have posted these resolutions at the main mousehole door."

"Excuse me," said his wife gently, "but each year you call these resolutions. The word is resolutions."

Her husband, whisking a wet whisker and twirling a tall tail, did a double back flip and landed right by her side.

In a most haughty manner he said, "Everybody needs more resolutions in their resolutions."

The only words left for me to say to my dear young friends are:

May Your New Year Be
Happy and Joyful
and
May There Be Peace.

Love,
Aunt Dorothy

★ Setting goals for the New Year.

13

A Railroading Man

By Ron Henry

Charlie Hogan was a railroading man through and through. Some folks say Charlie ate coal for breakfast instead of eggs. Some say he had steam running through him instead of blood. Some even say he was made of iron like those big steam locomotives he drove. But Charlie Hogan was all man. He was a railroading man.

Charlie worked the New York Central & Hudson River Line. The line had many trains—short trains and long ones. Some hauled freight from place to place; some hauled people and mail. They went far and near, and the rumble of their great iron wheels was heard throughout the land.

But nothing was like the roar of those mighty locomotives that

pulled the trains. Built for power, they were, to haul those heavy loads. Some were built for speed, to get people and mail around in a hurry. Whatever they pulled, those big "iron horses" did it through cold winter snow and through the scorching heat of summer.

It was Charlie Hogan's job to drive those mighty locomotives. And Charlie knew them all.

One day Hogan was called into the big boss' office. When he arrived, his boss shook hands, then sat down behind a big mahogany desk and looked Charlie over.

"Charlie," his boss said at last, "Bill Buchanan has designed the fastest locomotive in the world. Engine 999 she's called. We want to test her speed. It'll be dangerous, but we need a good man to try her out."

Without a blink, Charlie Hogan looked across the desk. "I'm your man, sir. I'll give that iron a run."

So it was that plans were laid down for the test run from Syracuse to Buffalo, New York. The date would be May 9, 1893. Engine 999 would be made ready to haul the Empire State Express the distance. Charlie Hogan would be ready, too.

On the morning of the test, an excited crowd gathered at the Syra-

cuse station. There were gentlemen with top hats, tailcoats, and big black cigars. There were ladies with flowered hats, long flowing dresses, and fans to shoo the smoke away. There were farmers, harness makers, and stable boys, too. There was a rumor that history was in the making.

When 999 finally puffed up to the starting line, the crowd went wild. A cheer went up as the great engine screeched to a halt before them. Her proud bell returned their greeting. And when she opened her steam valve, the crowd stepped back and held their ears. It seemed that every inch of her vibrated with power—power and beauty well mixed as in a fine race horse—meant to run.

Behind the great engine came the coal car. On its side, in large script, were the words: Empire State Express. Behind that were four wooden coaches full of eager officials and reporters. And in the cab of that engine was Charlie Hogan himself.

Charlie waved kindly to the crowd but his mind was on the 150 miles of track ahead. He had been down that pike many times before, but never with such an eager engine. Could he safely release all the power and speed she had boiling in her shiny boiler?

Finally, a trainman waved a signal. The time had come. Charlie Hogan pulled a cord and the whistle's husky blast shattered the air. Then his firm hand slowly pulled the throttle, and the Empire State Express huffed and rumbled forward.

Moments later, they were chugging down the main track. They had left the cheering crowd behind; all that mattered now was what was before them.

"Feed her plenty," Hogan said to his fireman. "This old girl has a hearty appetite."

The fireman, Elf Elliot, shoveled coal until 999 was breathing fire.

As they thundered along, the sweet smell of oil, coal, and hot metal filled the cab. Charlie Hogan breathed it deeply. To him, it was as fine as perfume.

"But this is no time for dreaming," he thought. "There are tricky curves up front."

He leaned far out the window and scanned the track ahead.

Around those curves they swayed. Hogan slowed down only enough to keep from flying off the track. On and on, past towns and crossings they sped. Finally, they were past Batavia. The 35 miles of track between Batavia and Buffalo ran

straight as a ramrod. It was here that Hogan decided to open her up.

"Shake a leg, Elf," Hogan yelled above the roar. "We're gonna fly this train."

With that, he pulled the throttle to the last notch. Instantly, that engine leaped forward like a prime racehorse in the final stretch of a race. Her hot wheels spit fire as they thundered over the track. Nothing on wheels had ever traveled so fast.

Meanwhile, the passengers were hanging onto their seats. At one point, the Empire State Express was roaring along at 112 miles an hour.

But before the passengers could catch their breath, Charlie Hogan was hitting the brakes. The big iron wheels screamed to a stop. They were in Buffalo, and history had been made.

Charlie Hogan and 999 became a legend after that. Engine 999 was shown at many world fairs. She even got her picture on a postage stamp. And Charlie Hogan—he went right on railroading. He was a railroading man and that he stayed until he died at the age of 91.

A lot of time has passed since then, but Charlie Hogan and Engine 999 will live forever in the book of railroading.



★ An incident that has become legendary in the development of America.

Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

Jokes

Selected by Children
Seven to Twelve Years of Age

Brian: "What marks did you get in physical education last term?"

Jim: "I didn't get any marks, only a few bruises."

Tim Richards—Wisconsin

Tom: (bragging) "I started my life without a penny in my pocket."

Dick: "That's nothing. I started life without a pocket."

Lora Kelly—California

Little Boy: "Dad, did you ever see a catfish?"

Dad: "Yes, I have."

Little Boy: "How did it hold its pole?"

David Scott—Indiana

Ted: "My turtle lost his tail. Do you know where I can get another?"

Jed: "Yes, at the retail store."

P. Raymond Merkle—Maryland

Teacher: "Ned, for such behavior you will go to the principal's office immediately."

Principal: "You, again?"

Ned: "Yes, sir."

Principal: "Aren't you ashamed to be sent here so often?"

Ned: "Why no, sir, I always thought this was a very respectable place."

Stephen Roberts—New York

Mother: "Did you eat all the cookies, Tom?"

Tom: "I didn't touch one."

Mother: "That's strange. There's only one left."

Tom: "That's the one I didn't touch."

Tammy Cooper—South Carolina

Send us the funniest joke or the best riddle you ever heard, with your name, age, and home address. If we think it good enough, we might print it in HIGHLIGHTS. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pa. 18431

The Bears Talk About Honesty

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Virginia Filson Walsh



Father: "A man from the dime store called me."
Poozy: "What did he say?"

Father: "That you took something from his store."
Poozy: "I did not."



Woozy: "Poozy wouldn't do that."
Piddy: "Sure he wouldn't."



Father: "Were you in the dime store?"
Poozy: "Yes, with Po."



Father: "I believe you, but the man thinks you took something."
Mother: "Let's go in only to buy something."

Poozy: "Maybe some boys take things, but we just looked."
Piddy: "We'll all remember."

Suzie's Surprise

By Suzanne Lee Jarosh



Suzie Smith was six. She lived in a big white house with all the other Smiths. Suzie was the youngest. She was in the first grade.

Early one morning, Suzie and the other Smith children were getting ready for school. Billy was looking for his shoes. Joey and Jennifer had started to help Mom get breakfast ready. Suzie was brushing her teeth. As she brushed up and down, she suddenly felt a funny pull on her toothbrush. She blinked her eyes with surprise. She looked down. What was that tiny white stone in her hand—and that strange hole she could feel with her tongue?

No one noticed as Suzie drank her orange juice. Oh, how that cold orange juice made the hole in Suzie's mouth tingle! No one noticed as Suzie ate the hot, steamy cereal that Mom had fixed for her. The cereal was almost too hot for that little hole in Suzie's mouth. And no one even noticed as Mother kissed the children and sent them off to school

on that cold winter morning. No, no one noticed Suzie's surprise.

"See, Brown Squirrel, see my surprise," called Suzie. But Brown Squirrel didn't notice. He was too busy.

"See, Marshmallow, see my surprise," said Suzie to the neighbors' soft white cat as she poked her tongue through the strange hole. But Marshmallow was too busy to notice Suzie. So Suzie skipped on down the street.



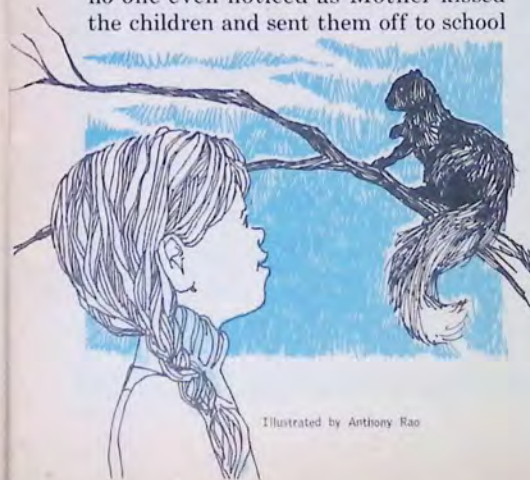
Soon the school bell rang and all the children shuffled in. No one noticed Suzie's surprise as she shyly unbuttoned her coat and hung it in its place. Suzie put her hand into her coat pocket. She reached way down inside to find the tiny white stone. She thought maybe her teacher, Miss Hickory, would like to have a little white stone for a surprise. Miss Hickory didn't notice Suzie putting the tiny stone on her desk, so Suzie quickly set it there and went right to her place.

Miss Hickory greeted all the children and sat down at her desk. "Why, who gave me the surprise?" she asked.

Slowly Suzie raised her hand. "I did, Miss Hickory," said Suzie.

Miss Hickory grinned a warm grin.

(continued on next page)



Illustrated by Anthony Rao

"Suzie, what a nice surprise," she said.
All the children looked at Suzie and then at Miss Hickory. They couldn't see the surprise.

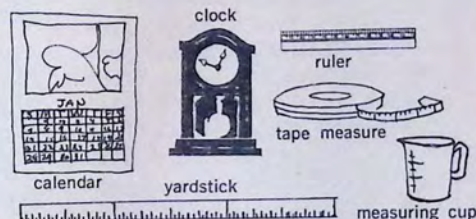
"Is it some flowers?" Tommy asked.
"No," said Miss Hickory.

"Well, what is the surprise?" asked the children all at once.

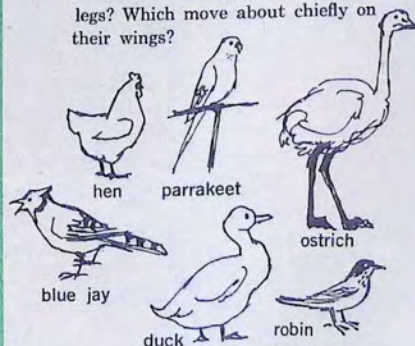
Suzie couldn't keep the secret any longer. Miss Hickory smiled and Suzie smiled. Then all the children smiled. At last everyone noticed Suzie's surprise!

Thinking for Fun

Which might you use to measure a room? A playground? The distance around a tree? How much flour is needed to make a cake? How many days till Christmas? How long before lunchtime? What does a car have to measure the distance it travels?



Which move about chiefly on their legs? Which move about chiefly on their wings?

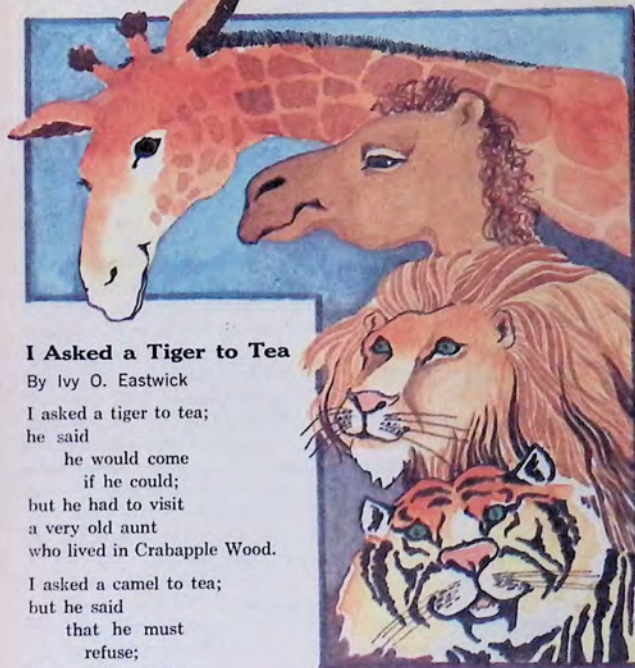


Name other creatures which move about chiefly on their wings.
Other creatures with wings which move about chiefly on their legs.

How Old Is Each Child?

Pam wrote her name for the first time today.
Jed can brush his own teeth.
Walt is a Cub Scout.
Rachel helped her mother plan a birthday party.
Jeff made a strong house for his dog.
Howard is a good basketball player.
Harold saved his money to buy a birthday present for his mother.
Ann put on her own shoes this morning and tied them in bows.
Lucy read three books last week just for fun.
Mark wrote a poem his teacher liked.

Verse



I Asked a Tiger to Tea

By Ivy O. Eastwick

I asked a tiger to tea;
he said
 he would come
 if he could;
but he had to visit
a very old aunt
who lived in Crabapple Wood.

I asked a camel to tea;
but he said
 that he must
 refuse;
since he had to go
to the village store
and purchase two pairs of shoes.

I asked a giraffe to tea;
but he said
 that he was
 not able;
his neck made it
rather difficult
to eat from a dining table.

I asked a lion to tea;
but he said
 that he just
 couldn't bother . . .
so I think I will share
my afternoon tea
with my cat
 and my dog
 and my brother.

Winter Beds

By Bertha Wilcox Smith

Where do little creatures rest
Through winter storm,
All safe and warm?

The beaver's bed along the brook
Is free from ice,
Snug and nice.

The woodchuck takes a quiet sleep
Beneath the ground;
He hears no sound.

Rabbits nest in grassy banks,
Deep below
A quilt of snow.

The First Snowfall

By James Russell Lowell

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.
From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

Three Ships

Author Unknown

19

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by.
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then.
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.



The Blue People of the Sahara

By Patricia Gray

Illustrated by Diane Robertson



20

Can you imagine what it would be like if your father wore a veil over his face, leaving only a slit for his eyes?

This is the custom of the Tuareg people. A Tuareg child scarcely knows what its father's face looks like.

Tashmani is the son of a Tuareg, a race of fascinating people who live far away among the rocky areas of the southern Sahara Desert.

These people are nomads, so Tashmani has never known a permanent home. He moves about with his family, pitching their tent wherever there is a little pasture and water for the few animals they keep with them.

The word Tuareg means "men of the veil" and the most unique thing about these people is that the man covers his face and not the woman, as is true of some other races of the world.

A Tuareg man wears his veil day and night. It is a long narrow strip of cloth wound around the head, neck, and face. It hides all of his face except his eyes.

You may say, "Ah, but when he is eating and drinking, it is possible to see his face." But no. He passes food and drink to his lips under the veil.

Or you may say, "But what about when he washes?" But again, no. The Tuareg people hardly ever wash. They feel it is unhealthy to do so. Instead they use sand to clean off some of the dirt.

Tashmani dreams of the day when he will become an adult and be able to wear the full dress of the men of the tribe. Until that time it is the custom of the Tuareg boys to go naked, which is no hardship in the intense heat.

Another name for the Tuareg is "Knights of the Desert." This is because these tall, fine-looking men look like knights as they stride proudly along, and their rag-like clothes seem like fine garments. Also, they often carry long steel spears or lances and wear daggers strapped to their forearms and double-edged swords across their backs.

They are also called the "Blue

People" because of the dark bluish tinge of their skin. They are really light-skinned, but their blue robes are so poorly dyed that the blue comes off onto the skin as carbon paper does. And since the Tuareg rarely bathe, the skin always remains blue.

The Tuareg are excellent horsemen, but they prefer to use the fast-trotting dromedary camel. When the camels are not being used for traveling, Tashmani has to look after them and the goats and sheep as well, as they roam about looking for thornbush to eat.

Tashmani also has to help the women move camp from time to time. Their tents are made of the skins of camels and goats which are dyed red and roughly sewn together to form a low roof. Rush mats are hung around the sides. These tents are meant to keep out the sun and sandstorms but not really the rain, for it almost never rains where the Tuareg live.

There is no furniture inside the tents because when you pack up your home every few days and move to new pasture-land, you cannot bother with furniture. Instead clothes, food, cooking utensils, and



other possessions are kept in fringed bags of bright red leather which hang everywhere inside the tent.

Tashmani never goes with his father when the menfolk travel around the Sahara trading. He has to remain with the women and children in camp.

Once or twice a year the Tuareg men form a caravan of their camels and go to the part of the Sahara where rock salt is found.

Each camel is loaded with about 300 pounds of salt. Then they travel for weeks, with little food and water, until they reach the villages at the edge of the desert. Here people exchange millet, wheat, sugar, tea, and cloth for the precious salt. Sometimes the Tuareg trade a camel or two and goatskins for the goods they cannot find in their own area.

When they return to their camp, weeks or sometimes months later, there is much rejoicing and a great feast is prepared.

Tashmani helps the women prepare this on open fires in the sand, but all the time his eyes are on the leather bags being unloaded from the camels. These contain treats of food, cloth, beads, and other little luxuries. He longs for the men to finish their work of unloading the tents, mats, dishes, teapots, sandals, water bags, and the many other things that hang from the caravan camels. He watches them take off the wooden saddles and turn the tired beasts out to graze on the few thornbushes around the camp. A little farther away he sees a Tuareg man digging a hole in the sand to find water for the thirsty camels to drink.

Soon the men join them, but not to show their treasures. No, first they must eat. They wash their hands and feet with sand while the womenfolk and children giggle excitedly at the thought of the all-



night feast and dancing to follow.

When the meal is ready, Tashmani follows the men into a tent where there are great bowls full of roasted sheep and steaming hot cous-cous. Cous-cous is made of ground wheat and is eaten everywhere in the Sahara.

Everyone sits on mats and eats with his fingers. They use the left hand, for it is considered bad manners to eat with the right. Tashmani eats until he thinks he will

burst! Afterwards the menfolk drink hot, sweet mint tea as is the custom in the Sahara areas.

Soon the men will tell the tales of their travels. Then the leather bags of goods will be emptied for all to see. After that will follow a night of drumming, singing, and dancing.

At dawn Tashmani will lie down in the sand and fall asleep, dreaming of one day being a "man of the veil" like his father.



21



The Lonely Giant

By Louis Cannon

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a lonely giant. He was called Giant-Who-Lives-in-the-Wood.

He lived in a great wood in a special cabin built for giants. He liked to play and sing, but there was no one to play and sing with. And he became lonelier and lonelier.

One fine day—it was Giant's birthday but no one stopped to wish him a happy birthday—he took his ax in hand and went into the forest to chop some wood for his fire. He had gone only a little way when he heard Bear Cub singing. He stopped to listen.

I like the forest, the forest likes me.
That's why I'm happy as can be.

Bear Cub sang the song all the way through the wood. He sang so hard that he didn't even see the trap set by Mean Hunter. The trap was covered with twigs and leaves. It looked just like the forest floor, but underneath was a big hole.

Bear Cub fell into that hole. He fell down, down, down, landing so hard that he lost his breath. Bear Cub knew he had fallen into the trap of Mean Hunter. He was very frightened.

He was even more frightened when



Giant-Who-Lives-in-the-Wood bent over the trap. To Bear Cub, Giant looked as big as a mountain, and his footsteps sounded like thunderclaps. Bear Cub thought surely Giant would eat him. But Giant just reached down with his great hand and plucked Bear Cub out of the hole.

Bear Cub remembered his manners enough to say, "Thank you, Mr. Giant-Who-Lives-in-the-Wood."

And then Giant spoke in a whisper that hurt Bear Cub's ear. "Come home to my cabin and have a party with me. It's my birthday, and I'm lonely."

But Bear Cub was still frightened by the size of Giant. He could only say again, "Thank you, Mr. Giant." Then he turned and ran away.

Giant felt lonelier and lonelier. He almost sat down on a rock and cried. But he still had wood to cut, so he took his ax in hand and went deeper into the forest.

He hadn't gone far when he heard someone else singing. In a clearing below he saw Small Rabbit, hopping and jumping about near the edge of the wood. Small Rabbit was singing:

Hippety-hop, hippety-hop,
I'm so happy I could pop.

As Giant watched, Small Rabbit turned and hopped over a big tree. That is, he almost hopped over it.

When Small Rabbit reached the tree, Giant saw him leap straight up in the air. And he stayed there, too, shouting and calling for help.

Now, Giant-Who-Lives-in-the-Wood knew that rabbits can't fly. This must, thought Giant, be the work of Mean Hunter again. And so it was.

Mean Hunter had fastened a rope to a branch of a tree. He had pulled the branch down and held it with a twig. Then he made a big loop on one end. When Small Rabbit had hopped into the loop, the branch had snapped him up toward the sky. And there he hung by his hind feet, looking down at the ground.

Then Small Rabbit heard the ground rumble, and he heard footsteps that sounded like thunderclaps. He looked up and saw Giant-Who-Lives-in-the-Wood. And he heard Giant speak in a voice that shook the treetops—though really it was only a whisper.

"I'll set you free," said Giant. "And



Illustrated by Anthony Rao

then you can come home with me to my birthday party. Won't that be nice?"

Small Rabbit nodded, and Giant reached down and took Small Rabbit's feet out of the trap.

But as soon as Small Rabbit was on the ground, he cried, "Thank you!" and hopped off.

Now Giant was so lonely he didn't even want to cut wood for his fire. He slung his ax over his shoulder and started back to his cabin. When he came near the cabin, he saw smoke coming from the chimney, and a light in the kitchen. Now, Giant *knew* there was no wood in the fire. And he *always* turned out the light in the kitchen.

And when he opened the door, what a surprise! There were Bear Cub and his mother. And Small Rabbit and his sisters and his brothers and his mother and his father. And many other creatures of the forest.

In the center of this gathering was a huge birthday cake which said:

"Happy Birthday, Mr. Giant-Who-Lives-in-the-Wood!"

And Giant *did* have a very happy birthday. In fact, he was never lonely again.



Language of the Birds

By Shirley Markham Jorjorian

Each species of bird has its own language (so to speak). With a little study, you can soon recognize and identify a species without even seeing the bird. What's more, you will be able to detect some of its habits and moods simply by listening to the sounds it makes.

No doubt you can remember some of your preschool books with their pictures of ducks saying "quack-quack," the strutting turkey saying, "gobble-gobble," the chicken, "cluck-cluck," her babies, "cheep-cheep," and the proud rooster's crowing of "cock-a-doodle-doo!" If you have been able to listen closely to farm birds, you will know that these words describe fairly well the sounds they make.

Bird books you may find at the library make an attempt at spelling out or describing sounds of all the birds of our country. Many libraries

also have phonograph records of bird songs that will help you to understand the language of various species. As you study the sounds and as your knowledge of the different songs increases, you will develop a new interest in birds.

Birds do not have a voice box, or larynx, with vocal cords as we do. Their song box is called a syrinx and is located where the windpipe divides into the two bronchial tubes leading to the lungs. The syrinx is not the same in all birds; and some birds, such as the turkey vulture, do not have it. The ordinary chicken has a rather simple syrinx with four thin membranous spots in the windpipe that vibrate when air passes against them, making a sound. A bird with a variety of songs may have several pairs of muscles controlling the membrane to make sounds of different pitches.

Some birds get their names from the sounds they make. The chickadee is named for its most common call, a rapid "chick-a-dee-dee!" The bobwhite is known for calling its own name, "bob-white," with a rise in tone on "white." Near a lake you may hear the clear call of the killdeer, repeating its own name, "kill-DEER, kill-DEER." At night, you might hear the mournful call of the whippoorwill, whispering its name, "WHIP-POOR-WILL, WHIP-POOR-WILL."

The wood thrush's song, one of the prettiest of all, is described as flutelike, with warbling trills, and is a difficult one to illustrate in print. If you can borrow a record of bird songs from your library, you will soon learn to distinguish the thrush's notes.

The song of the cardinal is richly musical and might be written, "wet-year, wet-year, weet-weet-weet-weet-weet." Another of its songs is a happy-sounding, "whurty, whurty, whurty, whurty."

The common blue jay makes

numerous sounds: a harsh call, a trumpeting whistle, a scream, a flicker-like call, and a song of soft warbles and twitters. One of its sounds is known as "the pump-handle call" because it is much like the creaking of an old-fashioned water pump. By listening to this bird, you will soon be able to recognize its many distinctive sounds.

One of the loudest of all songs comes from one of the smallest of birds, the tufted titmouse. Its call sounds like "peta-peta-peta-peta" and is repeated loudly from four to eight times.

The great horned owl is known for its nighttime series of "hoo-hoo-hoooo, hoo-hoo."

The robin's song at daybreak is described as a cheerful carol, with two and three bubbling phrases in different pitches, broken by pauses.

A catbird is named for its catlike mewings, and it also imitates other birds. But the greatest imitator is, of course, the mockingbird, getting its name from its ability to mock, or imitate, the songs of other birds in its surroundings. High upon its perch, it imitates its songster rivals, fooling many a listener momentarily, only to give itself away in its enthusiasm by going right into a different song.

Some birds utter phrases or whole "sentences." The towhee, for example, calls, "Drink your tee-e-e-e-e." The barred owl has been said to pose this question: "Who cooks for you? Who cooks for you all?" And the white-throated sparrow exclaims, "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody."

After you've learned the everyday language of the most common birds, you will discover that they make other calls and chatters for various purposes. Many kinds of birds travel in flocks while feeding and stay together by keeping up

constant chatterings among themselves. Most kinds, when disturbed, give alarm notes to warn their mates, or other birds. Some of the songs are meant to announce a bird's claim to territory and to warn others not to intrude. In early spring the songs of the males serve to attract mates.

Practice "translating" the bird language you hear. By concentrating and listening closely, you may be surprised at the many species that you never knew existed in your area. Listen to their calls during and after a rain. Listen at dawn and again at dusk. Listen in late winter when a few begin establishing their territories, then at courting time. Listen at nest-building and baby-feeding season, when they seem to have a little less time for their calls. Listen

later in spring as they teach the little ones to search for their own food.

Learning the language of the different birds will give pleasure similar to hearing an orchestra and listening intently for the melodies and tones of the violin, or flute, or tuba, and then enjoying them as a symphony.

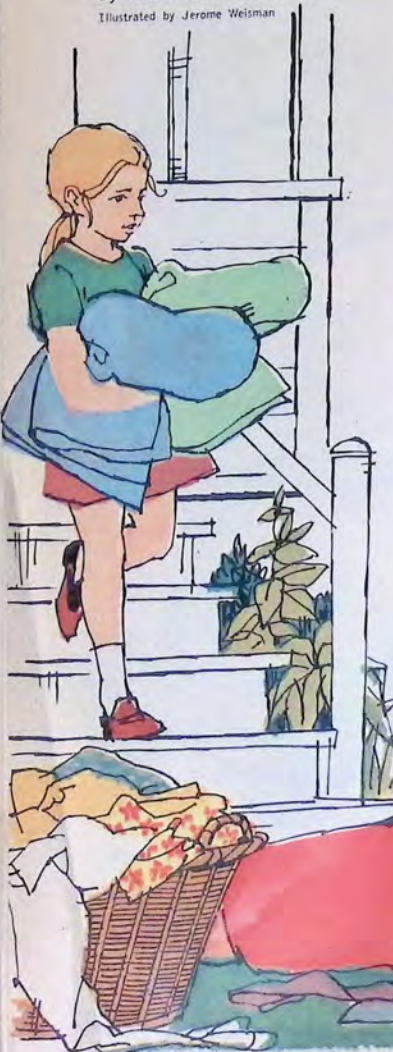


Illustrated by Robert C. Kray

All Flags Flying

By Robert and Amy Cloud

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



Anna Bergen stood on the dock of tiny Bergen Island and watched her father and older brother Arne chug out of sight in the family motorboat. She wished she were older, or a boy. Nothing exciting ever happened to a ten-year-old girl. Instead of going off overnight in the boat, she had to stay home and help Mom. She sighed.

When the tractor stopped working, her dad quickly discovered the broken part. "We'll have to head to the big machine shops to get this part fixed. If we catch all tides right, we should be back tomorrow."

Now Anna and her mother were alone on the small island. Her family had farmed the forty acres for generations.

Anna was glad she lived now, instead of then. "At least now we have the radio," she thought, "and the motorboat. And the Coast Guard helicopter comes over twice a day. All we need is a telephone, and we'd be as modern as city folks."

Her mother was calling, and Anna climbed the slight rise toward the house. It was Monday, and her mother had the family washing well under way. Anna helped sort the clothing into piles—whites and colors, cottons and woolens—while her mother operated the washer.

The morning was nearly gone, and Anna kept an ear and eye toward the sky. She always liked to watch for the Coast Guard helicopter and wave at the pilot. He flew south over the island every day just before noon, and returned an hour

later on his way back to home base on Thursday Island. He would dip to 300 feet and circle the house before going on.

Often the Bergen wash would already be on the line—a long double wire on pulleys from a post near the porch to the top of a forty-foot pine—when the copter pilot came by.

"That washline looks just like the pennant line on the admiral's flagship," the pilot once told Anna's dad when the two met in Thursday Harbor.

Anna had hung the first load of wash when she heard the helicopter's familiar *chut-chut-chut* approach, then fade away.

She started out with the next load, but the full basket bumped her knees and upset her.

"Here, Anna," her mother said. "I'll take it out for you." She picked up the heavy basket and carried it to the door.

As she started down the porch steps, her heel caught on a board, and in an instant she was flat on the hard ground. The basket of clothes partially broke her fall, but she landed heavily on one hip.

"Anna! Anna!" she cried. "I can't get up. Come and help!"

Anna leaped down the steps to her mother and pulled the clothes basket away. She knelt on the ground and anxiously held her mother's hand.

"Can we get you in the house, Momma? If we could get you into a warm bed, then we could have Daddy . . ." Her voice trailed off as she remembered Dad and Arne

were both gone. She would have to help Mom, get help from outside. But how? No island was near enough to signal.

Her mother struggled to sit up, but could not. "Anna, I think it's my leg. I must lie here till help comes. Can you find something warm to put around me?"

Anna rushed into the house and returned with an armful of blankets. She carefully tucked them around her mother. Her mind was racing. The Coast Guard! The copter was due back within the hour. Could she get the pilot's attention?

"Momma, I'm going to hang up these clothes." She had a hopeful thought. Did she dare tell her mother—perhaps give her false hope if the idea failed?

She quickly picked out the brightest colored clothing she could find. She started pinning them to the clothesline one by one, turning the pulley to send them up the line.

Her mother was watching from where she lay by the porch. "Anna, that's all upside down. You know we always hang shirts and dresses by the tails, so the sleeves hang smoothly and dry in the wind."

"No, Momma, let me try it with the shoulders up. If the pins make marks, I'll do the ironing."

Her mother smiled at that, though her eyes showed pain. "I'm afraid you'll have to do the ironing anyway, Anna-kin. I'll not be able to do much."

Anna continued to hang shirts and dresses on the line. Now she had nearly a dozen up, all pinned by the shoulders and looking like big raggedy dolls dancing in the wind. Her anxious ears picked up the helicopter's *chut-chut-chut* returning from the south.

Swiftly she picked up a red-and-yellow dress she had placed aside, and ran back and forth across the



yard waving it. The copter pilot dipped low and circled slowly. She could see him leaning across and looking at her.

She darted back and forth, shouting, "Help! Help!" But she could not shout above the copter's noise. She stopped beside her mother and flapped the dress vigorously. The pilot studied the clothesline, then looked back to Anna, as his copter circled.

Then the machine suddenly tilted up on edge and sped rapidly northward. Had he read her message? Did he understand? All Anna could do now was wait.

She sat by her mother for what seemed like hours. But really it was less than one hour, when suddenly from the north came a big helicopter, twice the size of the Coast Guard patrol machine. It flew straight to their island, circled, then settled on a clearing behind the house. In a moment, two men in white Coast Guard medical uniforms came running around the house, carrying a stretcher.

They spoke softly to Mrs. Bergen, then gently moved her to the stretcher and carried it to the waiting helicopter. Anna walked alongside.

"Leave a note for your father," Mrs. Bergen told Anna. "Tell him we'll be at the hospital in Thursday Harbor. The Coast Guard will let us know when he returns."

After Anna had placed the note on the kitchen table, she ran back to the copter. The men helped her inside, then with a great whirring of the blades, the big machine rose. The house got smaller and smaller; soon the whole island was in sight. Her colored shirts on the line were flying like proud flags.

As the helicopter swung north and started its run to the hospital, Anna found her mother's hand and squeezed. Her mother squeezed back, and drew Anna down to her. "The men told me, Anna-kin, what you were doing with the shirts. The pilot knew how we hung our laundry, and when he saw all the shirts flying like upside-down flags, he recognized the distress signal." She smiled. "He said you are a real sea-dog, and he's proud to have you on his ship."

The Wild Rose

Schubert

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

28

Franz Schubert

1797-1828

By Irene Bennett Needham

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

"Has anyone seen my robe?"
A small, nearsighted boy peered through the rack of garments in the gloomy dressing room where the Imperial choirboys were changing. The taller boy beside him laughed as he slipped into his own.

"Oh, Franz, get your music, and I'll find it. The carriages will be ready any moment."

"I need to grow about five more inches," sighed Franz as he picked up the stack of music.

"You can have a few of my inches if I can borrow some of your talent," replied the other. "Hum those first five bars on the third page, will you? It's so hard to count."

Just then the choirmaster appeared, and the boys hurried to the door. The carriages rattled down the narrow streets of Vienna, under the huge dome of the Hofburg, and past the entrance to the Imperial apartments where the Emperor and his family would be preparing for the chapel service. On foot, the choirmaster led them through a series of courtyards and arched doorways. Then the boys filed quietly into the choir stall of the private chapel.

For Franz Schubert, this was always an exciting walk. The twelfth child of a poor schoolmaster, he had never expected to see the inside of the Emperor's palace, much less to sing there. He thought back to the time of the auditions. How frightened he had been! All the other ten-year-old boys seemed elegantly dressed and very sure of themselves. He, in his gray suit made of flour

sacks, could cheerfully have fallen through the floor. But when time came to sing, he had forgotten to be nervous. And now one of the coveted places was his. Admission to the choir also meant that he entered the Imperial and Royal Seminary, the best-known boarding school in Vienna. He had a uniform with a three-cornered hat and, best of all, music all around him. Within his first two years, Franz had become leader of the violin section of the student orchestra and often conducted it in the director's absence. One of the senior students, Josef Spaun, was so delighted with Franz's talent that he frequently went short of money himself in order to keep the smaller boy supplied with manuscript paper.

"If only Papa didn't want me to be a schoolmaster, too!" thought Franz now, as his clear soprano voice soared through an intricate part of the motet the boys were singing. "I hate to deceive him, but I don't know what I should do without Spaun's paper."

Franz Schubert's father was not the first parent to decide his son might make a better living at teaching than at composing. But Franz,

encouraged by his teachers, couldn't stop writing down the melodies that crowded his head. He soon became the only pupil of Antonio Salieri, a friend of Beethoven's and one of the Court musical directors. Franz was even permitted to leave the school grounds for his lessons, an almost unheard-of relaxing of the rules. Franz was well-liked by both masters and students, but his life could hardly be called comfortable. He seldom had quite enough to eat, and for most of the year Vienna and the school were much colder than he would have liked. Blowing on one's stiff fingers didn't keep them warm enough for writing.

At this time, under the rule of the Hapsburgs who loved to control every detail, Austria insisted on strict censorship of newspapers, books, and even the theatre. Music was one of the few ways artists could express themselves without fear of the government inspectors. Consequently, Vienna, the capital, had music and musicians in abundance. Once accepted in Vienna, a composer's reputation was made. But Vienna was a hard city to conquer, and the competition was fierce. In 1800, three years after Schubert's



★ The early life of a musical master.

(continued on next page)

birth, Mozart had been dead for not quite ten years, Haydn and Beethoven were both living in the city, and Schumann and Brahms were soon to come. Schubert was one of a very few actually born there; and although he, too, won the city eventually, for most of his life he was poor and miserably paid. Little Franz, who never did grow

any taller than a bare five feet, had discovered before he left school that he was best at writing songs. In 1815, at the age of eighteen, he wrote 145 of them, along with two symphonies, four dramatic works, two masses, and a stack of church music. He was to continue this amazing activity until his early death in 1828, in spite of the handi-

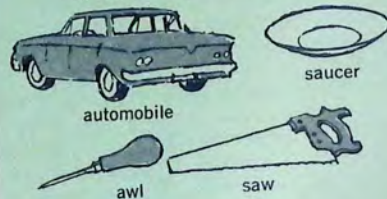
caps of not enough money, and poor health and eyesight. He even taught school for a time, a job he absolutely loathed because it left him little quiet time to compose.

How fortunate we are that he continued to use his great gift of talent in the face of obstacles that could have destroyed anyone less determined.

Fun With Phonics

When aw and au Sound Alike

Say aloud the pictured words.



Now say these words aloud. Listen for the sound of aw and au. Name the words in which au makes this sound. The words in which aw makes it.

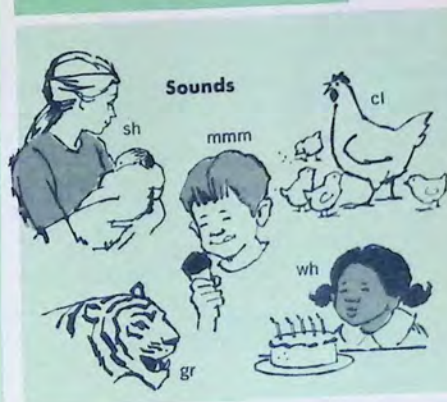
claw	haul	raw
gauze	shawl	launch
haunt	cause	dawn
lawn	fault	straw

Name other words spelled with aw.
Other words spelled with au.

When j and g Sound Alike

age	jet
joke	gin
jug	gentlemen
giant	just
germ	juice
jail	jig
geranium	ginger
gem	general
jack	gentle

Notice that some are spelled with g, some with j. We just have to remember. Pronounce these words for a friend to spell.



By John B. Laughrey

Inauguration Day has always been one of festivity and triumph. In this great ceremony all the people of our country hope that this one will surpass every past inauguration and that the future administration will be the most successful of all.

The first Wednesday in March, 1789, fell on March 4, which was the date set for the inauguration of George Washington, but it was well into April before enough of the congressmen had arrived in New York to form a quorum. Transportation was by horses—no trains, no automobiles, no airplanes.

On April 30, 1789, President George Washington appeared on the balcony of Federal Hall in New York City on Wall Street to take the oath before Chancellor R. R. Livingston to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States" while the throng that filled the streets below shouted, "God bless our Washington." Then, returning to the chamber where the congressmen were assembled, the President read his inaugural address in a voice "a little tremulous" with the sense of the responsibilities which rested upon him. "The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government," he said, "are

justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people."

John Adams, the second President, was sixty years of age when he succeeded Washington. The inaugurations of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams were profound and cultured.

Then came the triumphant inauguration of Andrew Jackson, the "Common People's" man. People flocked hundreds of miles to invade the White House. The city of Washington had neither sidewalks nor paved streets. In the White House many stood with muddy boots on the damask-covered chairs, spilling orange punch on the costly carpets and almost suffocating the old hero of New Orleans as they pressed around him to shake his hand.

John Quincy Adams, an aristocratic President, slipped out of the White House on the evening of March 3 and refused to attend the inauguration of the "barbarian"—Andrew Jackson.

Many of the common people rejoiced that with Andrew Jackson inaugurated, the rule of American democracy would be pure and undefiled.

In the parade from the White House to the Capitol the newly-elected President rides with the outgoing President, but in the first inauguration which I attended, President Theodore Roosevelt's, on March 4, 1905, a bright sunshiny day, he could not ride with his predecessor. William McKinley had been assassinated in September, 1901.

President Roosevelt rode in a two-horse barouche waving his high silk hat and smiling and showing his teeth in a most glamorous manner. There were many soldiers in the 1905 inaugural parade but they were

overshadowed by legions of Indians, cowboys, and Rough Riders. Roosevelt at his reviewing stand called out several times to the passing paraders.

There have been several Presidents sworn into office, not inaugurated, by reason of the death of the former President. Namely, John Tyler succeeding William H. Harrison, Millard Fillmore succeeding Zachary Taylor, Andrew Johnson succeeding Abraham Lincoln, Chester A. Arthur succeeding James A. Garfield, Theodore Roosevelt succeeding William McKinley, Calvin Coolidge succeeding Warren G. Harding, Harry S. Truman succeeding Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Lyndon Johnson succeeding John Kennedy.

Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, Harry Truman, and Lyndon Johnson were later elected and given inaugurations.

The inaugurations from Jackson's time on were not so noteworthy with the exception perhaps of Harrison's, who refused a carriage and rode horseback to the Capitol without hat or overcoat and gave a two-hour inaugural address. He contracted pneumonia and died one month after his inaugural.

On January 18 and 19, 1961, eleven inches of snow fell on Washington and its environs. Several thousand men were hired to remove the snow from the parade route for President John Kennedy, who rode with the outgoing President Dwight Eisenhower.

The parade is meant to be a time of relaxation and enjoyment after the solemnity of the "swearing in."

The Presidential Inauguration happens every four years, the year after leap year. In the fall of 1933, the date was changed from March 4 to January 20. This is the greatest day in Washington.

Our Own Page



A Penguin

Trina Ballis, Age 7
Hilliard, Ohio



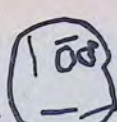
William Speck, Age 2
Harrington Park, N. J.



Melissa Bedinger, Age 12
Charlotte, N.C.



Eric De Armon, Age 9
Fort Myers, Fla.



A Gorilla
Jennifer Stables, Age 3
Iroquois Falls, Ont., Canada



Matt Thomas, Age 6
New Orleans, La.



Paul DeFanti, Age 10
Wakefield, R.I.



Jon Jaeger, Age 5
Midland, Mich.



Mary Scott, Age 8
Bowling Green, Ky.



Susan Deering, Age 4
Anchorage, Alaska

32

First Snow

Today we had our first big snow,
We found it hard to study, you
know,
The big snowflakes were on our
mind,

We wanted to leave our work
behind.
Once outside, snowballs began to
fly,
Some went up, up in the sky,
But no one seemed to mind, you
know,
'Cause today we had our first big
snow.

We hurried home as fast as we
could,
Bundled up warm and put up our
hoods.
Out in the frosty nippy air,
No one seemed to have a care.

We shoveled sidewalks, up and
down,
All through our snow-white town,
We're happy but tired as to bed
we go,
'Cause today we had our first big
snow.

Marybeth McCormick, Age 10
Colonia, N. J.

By the Fire

Blowing the fire with some bellows,
And watching the fire as it yellows,
Putting in some wood
And everyone saying,
"The fire is good!"

Martha Hanson, Age 8
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Sky

I look up, I see a sea of blue,
The stars like little ships
sailing through the ocean.
The moon posing as a lighthouse,
Throwing its beams over
the cold, cruel ocean.
Meteorites like little fish,
seeking to explore a new world.
Suddenly . . . the sun opens up
his weary eyes!
Night is over; day begins
—new mysteries in the sky.

Joseph Meltch, Age 11
Northampton, Pa.

The Calendar

The calendar hangs on the wall.
Page by page it will fall.
When it is done,
It's always fun
To run
To get another one.

Alan Berezik, Age 9
Detroit, Mich.

Little John Junior

Little John Junior, in the tree,
In the tree, in the tree,
Little John Junior, in the tree,
Sing a song for me.
Sing about the roses up in the sky.
Sing about the birdies and how
they fly.
Little John Junior in the tree
Sing a song to me.

Ronnie Esparza, Age 9
Sanger, Calif.

Pollution Fighters

All the presidents of all the years,
With all the booing and the cheers,
Cannot really find a solution;
They need your help to fight
Pollution.

Edward Labuda, Age 9
Allentown, Pa.

We feel sad when we receive a
creation by a child who does
not indicate his age, or who
does not enclose a letter from
a parent or teacher assuring
us that the child had not heard,
read, or seen elsewhere what
he sent to us as his own. Why?
Because we must throw his
offering, no matter how fine,
into the wastebasket.

Please tell me why doctors can
cure polo when they cannot cure
the common cold?

Drew Harris
Westfield, N.J.

I have wondered about this myself.
I am not sure of all of the answers but
I shall tell you one.

The main trouble is that what we call
a cold really means any one of a large
number of diseases. The symptoms are
not always the same though there is
usually an increase in fluids that drain
from the nose and throat. Colds are
caused mainly by viruses and some
bacteria. Apparently there are many different
kinds.

Some colds are contagious. You may
have noticed that when one person in
your family gets one, someone else is
likely to get one, too. But sometimes,
even when all alone camped out in the
woods, a person can get a cold after
being wet and chilled. So it is thought
that all of us carry viruses and bacteria
in the linings of our noses and throats
which can cause a cold if they are given
a chance.

So you see why it is difficult to find
a single cure or single means of prevention
for all colds.

I would like to know why cars
burn more gas in the winter than
summer?

Kurt Vangness
New Berlin, Wis.

I never thought about your question
before. And I do not know how much
difference there is between summer and
winter in the gas that cars burn. Maybe
that is because I live in Texas. Your
winters in Wisconsin are a lot colder.

I can think of one reason why a car
might burn more gas in a cold winter.
The carburetor of a car has the job of
evaporating gasoline and mixing the gas
with the right amount of air. When the
engine is cold the carburetor needs an
extra adjustment, called a choke, to give
more gas and less air. Twenty years ago
the choke was adjusted by a hand lever
and one had to learn exactly how much
to choke the carburetor in order to get
the engine started. Today's cars do this
with an automatic choke controlled by
the temperature of the engine.

Until the engine warms up, the choke
has to keep working to give a mixture
rich in gas. And the colder it is, the
longer it takes an engine to warm up. So
starting a cold engine must take more
gas.

In the South many cars have air
conditioners which are used only in the
summer. A car air conditioner gets its
power from the engine. That takes extra

Letters to the Science Editor

gas. Then cars burn more gas in summer
than in winter.

There is also another problem you
might think about. As other materials,
gasoline expands as it gets warmer and
contracts as it gets colder. A gallon of
cold gasoline has more molecules of gasoline
than a gallon of warm gasoline. So
up North, and in the winter, you get
more gasoline per gallon than we do
down South, or in the summer.

I have told you about some things that
might help to answer your question. But
I do not know the answer. Why don't you
ask an expert mechanic who really knows
about cars? I will, too.

I would like to know why it is
always warmer in Florida than it is
in Ohio. I understand that the closer
you get to the equator the warmer
it gets. But why is it warm near the
equator?

Kimmy McDowell
Springfield, Ohio

You know that the equator is shown
on a globe as a ring around the earth
just half-way between the North and
South Poles. The equator also is special
because that part of the earth most
nearly faces the sun during the daytime.

Let's think about that idea of a part
of the earth facing the sun. If you can
stand in sunlight without making any
shadow at all, that means that the sun
must be directly overhead. Then the
place where you are standing is facing
the sun. If your shadow is short, your
place is almost facing the sun.

How nearly your place on earth faces
the sun depends on three things: what
time of day it is, what season of the
year it is, and where you are on the
earth. You know that shadows are shortest
about noon on a day early in the
summer. That is also when sunlight
seems brightest. Where on earth can you
go to get an even shorter shadow and
brighter sunlight? Go toward the equator.

Why is it warmer where the earth's
surface is facing the sun? Because that's
where any small area of surface catches
the most sunlight. Think of it this way:
Suppose it is raining outside and you
want to hold a bowl out the window to
catch as many raindrops as you can.

How would you hold the bowl? Not upside
down. Not tilted. You would hold
it so that it faced toward the falling
raindrops. And if you wanted to hold
the bowl so that the most sunlight would
shine into it, then you would hold it
facing the sun.

The equator is the part of the earth
that catches the most sunlight and is
warmest. And Florida is closer to the
equator than you are in Ohio.

I am very puzzled. I cannot figure
out why insect bites itch.

Barbara Heller
New Orleans, La.

I think that most insect bites itch
because of some very small amount of
stuff that the insect leaves underneath
your skin. Just what this is differs with
different kinds of insects. A mosquito
leaves a little bit of its saliva. A bee
purposely injects a little of its poison
which hurts more than it itches.

Many materials, especially proteins,
cause a reaction when put into the body
at a scratched surface. The reaction is
usually felt as an itching and seen as
a redness in the skin. That's what an
insect bite does, too.

Jack Myers



Boy: "How does water put you out?"

Fire: "I have to stay hot to burn. Water
cools me off."

33

Stan Mikita: Hockey Star

By William Folprecht



34

Stan walked to the window and looked out. On the icy street below, three boys were pushing something around. It seemed to be a small black disk. The boys were pushing it in front of them with sticks.

As Stan watched, he knew they were playing a game. He remembered when he used to slide on the frozen pond back near his old home.

"How I wish I were down there!" he thought. "Those boys are having real fun!"

The boys were shouting, laughing, and waving as each used his stick to try to push the flat disk in front of the apartment house.

Stan was eight years old. Suddenly, as he watched the boys, he felt lonely. Tears began to fill his eyes. How he wanted to go down and be with those fellows! But he knew he couldn't.

For Stan Mikita didn't speak any English, and he thought the boys

would make fun of him because he was a foreigner.

Stan had been born in Europe—in Czechoslovakia. Life had been hard in that country. And then, when things were getting even worse, something strange happened.

His aunt and uncle from Canada came to visit. They talked a long time with Stan's mother and father.

That night Stan couldn't sleep. He thought he would go into the kitchen to ask his mother for some warm milk. He felt hungry, too.

As he came into the kitchen, he was just in time to hear his mother say, "No, no, no! Never! I couldn't do it!"

When his mother saw Stan standing in the doorway, she put her hand to her mouth quickly. Then she arose, ran over to him, and hugged him. "Oh, Stan," she said, "I didn't know you were there!"

By now Stan knew they had all been talking about him. But why?

He soon found out. His aunt and uncle wanted to adopt him and take him to Canada. That would make it much easier for his parents to take care of themselves and his brother, George. They would be better off.

Besides, his aunt and uncle were very lonely. It would make them very happy to have a son; they had no children of their own.

At first his mother did not want to let Stan go. Stan, too, at first didn't want to leave his parents and his brother. But after awhile, his mother agreed. And Stan, too, half-smiling and half-crying, hugged his aunt and said he would become her son. Maybe one day, he hoped, his real parents could leave their old home and come to live with them all in Canada!

And now, after traveling by railroad, bus, and steamship, he was in Canada. But he couldn't speak the new language. That was why he couldn't go down to play with those other boys.

As he continued to watch them having fun, his new mother came in.

"What's wrong, Stan?" she asked in her native language.

Stan told her. She smiled. "Maybe you can show them you want to play with them," she said softly. "Here, dress up warmly and go down!"

But Stan shook his head. "They will make fun of me!"

His new mother took him by the shoulders. "You are a brave boy," she said as she looked down at him. "You left your old home in Europe to come here, to help make us

happy. Such a brave boy shouldn't be afraid of what some other children say to him, just because he can't yet speak their language!"

Stan's face brightened. His eyes began to shine. "All right! I'll go down!"

Stan Mikita has never forgotten the next few moments. For when he arrived on the icy street and waved his arms to show the three boys he wanted to play, they greeted him like a long-lost friend!

They showed him how to play their game, and taught him its name—hockey.

One boy pointed to the round, flat rubber object. "Puck—that's a puck!" Another boy pointed to the end of the street where they were pushing the puck. "Goal!" he said.

Those were the first words Stan learned in Canada. They were the first English words he spoke when he went back into the house later, his cheeks red and his eyes glittering. He had made friends and learned some English!

For a while Stan played hockey with his new friends on the street.

Then, a year later, he learned of a peewee hockey team that played at the arena at 6:30 each weekday morning. That's when the older boys and men weren't using the rink.

Stan now had a bike which he rode to school. School did not start until 8:30. So he got up early, dressed, and rode for almost half an hour to the arena. He tried out for the peewee team and made it.

But his weak ankles kept making him fall on the ice. He was getting bruised knees and elbows and wondered whether he could continue. Then he thought of how proud his folks back home in Europe and his new parents would be if he became a good player. And he kept on. But one morning another boy accidentally swung his hockey stick high and hit Stan in the face. He was cut on the nose, lip, and cheek, and couldn't play the rest of the year.

The next year, however, he was back, playing now with boys two or three years older than he was. And before he knew it, he was in high school, where he played baseball as well as hockey. But hockey

was still his favorite game.

Soon he was playing with the Teepees, a good junior hockey club. And one winter day the Chicago Black Hawks of the National Hockey League, the highest hockey league, asked him to play.

It took nerve for the rookie to get on the ice with the star players who were older and better than he was. But Stan Mikita, who bravely went down on the street to play ten years before, did not back down.

He became one of the greatest players in the league. He won the "Most Valuable Player" award two years in a row and the scoring crown four years. He twice won the League's trophy for sportsmanship. And he set all kinds of records as his team kept winning.

Recently, his "first" mother came over from Europe to see him play.

Stan Mikita, the little boy who showed that he was brave, has now become one of the great hockey stars himself. "And it all began," he says, "when I went down and 'asked' those other fellows to let me play!"

35



Illustrated by Lois Axeman

Ripples on a Pond Ripples on the Earth

By Laurence Pringle

It's fun to throw stones into a pond, to see how far you can throw, and to watch the splashes. Sometimes it is fun just to throw one stone, then watch circles of tiny waves spread out from the place where it hit. The ripples spread farther and farther. They disturb little water insects, lily pads, and other water plants. Finally they wash against the shore.

There is a lesson for us in the spreading ripples: We cannot do just one thing. All we mean to do is throw a stone into a pond. But ripples from the splash may wash an insect off a lily pad where it is caught by a minnow. The stone, after settling to the bottom, may become a hiding place for a crayfish. We threw a stone, and the action had other effects, called side effects.

People are beginning to realize that everything they do has side effects. Sometimes these side effects cause great trouble for us and other living things. One example occurred a few years ago in Borneo, an island

in the western Pacific Ocean. There were disease-carrying mosquitoes on the island, and government authorities began spraying a poison called DDT in order to kill the pests.

The DDT was effective and killed many mosquitoes. However, it also killed great numbers of small wasps. The wasps had been a control of some plant-eating caterpillars. The caterpillars increased in number because they were not harmed by the DDT and because the DDT had killed most of their enemies, the wasps. Soon the thatched roofs of the natives' houses began to fall in because they were being eaten by the caterpillars.

The side effects went on, because DDT was also sprayed indoors to control houseflies. Normally some houseflies were eaten by lizards called geckos. The geckos began to die when they ate flies poisoned by DDT. Then the geckos were eaten by house cats, and the cats died in such numbers that rats began to invade houses. Rats in Borneo sometimes carry a deadly disease called

plague. Authorities became so alarmed that they parachuted a new supply of cats into the area as a first step in restoring conditions to normal.

The people in Borneo had tried to kill mosquitoes and houseflies. Their action set off a chain of events that shows how living things depend on each other. The study of how living things depend on each other and on their surroundings is called ecology. As people learn more about ecology, they are becoming more aware of the side effects of things they do.

Recently an ecologist named Barry Commoner suggested some "laws" of ecology that people should keep in mind. One is: Everything is connected to everything else. Another is: There is no such thing as a free lunch. In other words, every gain has some cost. We may kill mosquitoes, but only by paying some price in side effects.

Every day we do things that have bad effects on our surroundings, or environment. Throwing out trash,

driving a car, flushing a toilet, washing clothes—each of these acts may have damaging side effects. For example, today most people use detergents to wash clothes and dishes. These man-made "soaps" contain a material called phosphate. It helps loosen dirt particles so they can be rinsed away.

Phosphate is also a common ingredient in fertilizer because it is a nutrient, a substance needed for normal plant growth. But too much phosphate can cause too much growth. When phosphate from waste water reaches lakes, ponds, and rivers, it often causes great growths of water plants. The thick plant growth interferes with swimming, boating, and fishing. As plants die and decay, they use up oxygen in the water. Fish may die from lack of oxygen. The water may taste bad and give off foul smells.

Other plant nutrients sometimes cause these problems when they become too plentiful. In most lakes and ponds, however, phosphate is the main source of trouble and much of it comes from detergents.

People are trying to solve these problems. Some have gone back to using soaps. Many people use the kinds of detergents that contain very little phosphate. In some states and communities, only low-phosphate detergents can be sold. Meanwhile, the detergent makers are looking for a substitute. This time they are carefully testing substances in order to discover any side effects they may cause.

Sometimes the side effects of a change in the environment are so costly that people wonder whether the change was worthwhile. This is the case with the new Aswan High Dam in Egypt. The dam was completed a few years ago and a huge lake, 162 miles long, formed behind it. The stored water is used



Illustrated by Tom Dunnington

to make electric power and to irrigate land so that more food can be raised in the Nile River Valley.

The dam also has had at least three damaging side effects. In the past, the Nile would flood each spring and deposit a layer of fertile soil called silt in its valley. Now most of the silt is trapped behind the dam, so farmers have to buy fertilizer to enrich the soil.

People along the Nile have had to dig many ditches to carry the irrigation water close to their crops. The ditches are living places for snails that carry a serious disease that affects humans. People working along the ditches may catch the disease, and many thousands of people have been infected since the Aswan Dam was completed.

The Nile used to carry silt and nutrients such as phosphate into the Mediterranean Sea. Now most of these materials are trapped behind the dam. As a result, fewer nutrients reach the Mediterranean and there is less food for living things there. Before the dam was built, fishermen in the Mediterranean caught about 18,000 tons of sardines each year.

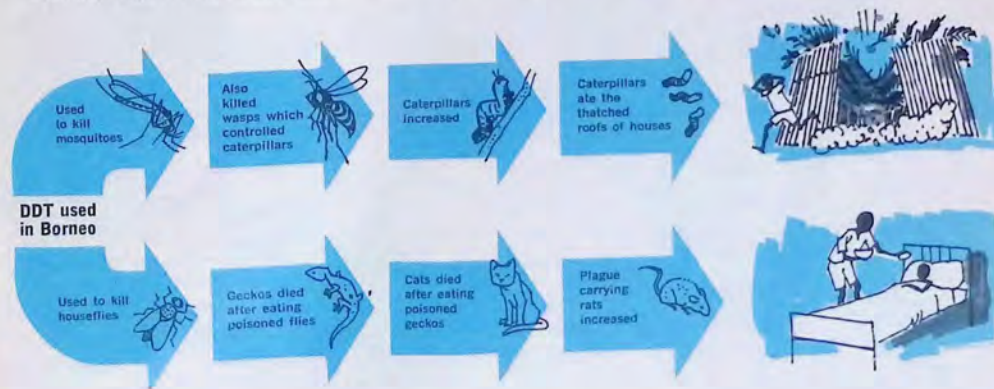
Now they catch only 500 tons a year.

People will always have to make changes in their environment in order to have food, shelter, and other necessities. But changes can be made with forethought and understanding. Since "there is no such thing as a free lunch," we ought to try to figure out the costs of a project before we begin. Knowing the costs, we might decide not to make some changes in our environment.

Beginning in 1970, all agencies of the United States government have had to make studies of possible damaging side effects of projects they plan. These studies are required by a law called the National Environmental Policy Act. Some states also require the same sort of investigations. As a result, several dams and highways have not been built. Other projects have been postponed until more is known about their possible side effects.

As people learn more about ecology and put their knowledge to use, they are also learning to take better care of their earth.

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★ The ecological aftermath of some of man's actions.

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Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



Goofus argues when he is asked to do something.



Gallant gets right at a job when he is asked.



When Mother calls Goofus from another room he doesn't answer.



Gallant says, "Coming Mother," when he is called.



Goofus is rude to the woman who helps.



"It's nice you help keep the house tidy."

★ Situations which aid a child in proper behavior.



The Three-Legged Chicken

By Lois Jane Cleveland
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

Charlie Wilkins smacked his lips. He felt as stuffed as Ziggy, his fat and cuddly bedtime bear-friend. But Ziggy, poor thing, who was filled with cotton, never got to eat crispy chicken drumsticks for dinner as Charlie did. And Charlie was about to eat his third leg!

Third leg?

Puzzled, Charlie asked his mother, "How many chickens did you cook for dinner?"

"Only one," his mother answered. "Why?"

Charlie was confused. "Because I have already eaten two chicken legs. Now how do I get to eat three?" Charlie thought chickens had two legs.

Charlie's father grumbled, "Eat your dinner, Charlie. You may have the other leg."

But that didn't answer Charlie's question. So after dinner Charlie looked for a chicken. He didn't have any chickens in his yard because Charlie lived in the city. He didn't have any chickens in his room because Charlie lived in a high house with 12 floors, 600 windows, and 4 front doors. No chickens were allowed there.

"Where can I find a chicken?" Charlie asked Joe, the man who ran the elevator.

"Why do you want a chicken?" Joe asked, as he leaned against the wall of the elevator.

"Because," answered Charlie, "I want to see how many legs it has."

Joe laughed. "Everybody knows a chicken has two legs. Even you should know that."

But Charlie didn't know that. He didn't know that for sure at all.

Charlie left the elevator. He walked through the merry-go-round door three times. The third time he came outside and stood on the sidewalk where he could see cars and buses whizzing by. But he didn't see a chicken anywhere.

"The man in the meat market will help me," he said as he ran the two blocks to the butcher shop.

"How many legs does a chicken have?" he asked the man in the white apron. The man rubbed his sandpaper chin. "I would say a chicken is lucky to have two legs, wouldn't you?" He smiled and went back to his work.

Charlie looked at the chickens all cut up and wrapped in shiny, see-through boxes. He couldn't count their legs. One piece looked like another.

"Mr. Adams in the pet shop can tell me," he said to himself. But Mr. Adams said the same thing.

"Two legs, son. A chicken always has two legs."

Charlie went home. He was as puzzled as before.

The next day Charlie went to the library. He climbed the mountain of white steps. He tiptoed into the room filled with books and started looking. He looked at piles and piles of books about chickens. But, sure enough, every picture was of a chicken with two legs.

Charlie just couldn't understand it. He couldn't understand it at all.

That night at dinner Charlie asked again, "Daddy, how many legs does a chicken have?"

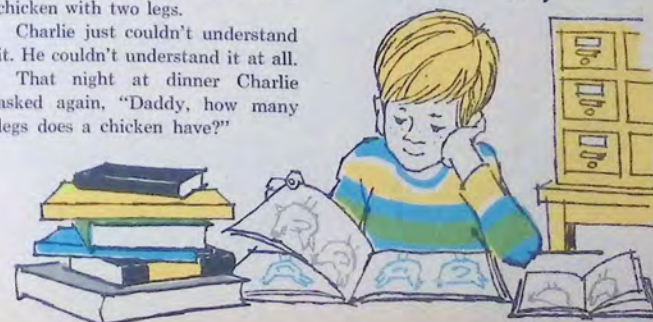
"Why, two, of course, Charlie. Why do you ask?"

"Because," Charlie explained, "Mother cooked one chicken for dinner yesterday, and I ate three of its legs!"

Charlie's mother and father laughed.

"That can happen, Charlie," said his father. "You see, the man who cut and packed that chicken made a mistake. He put three legs into one package. We were lucky to get that chicken, I guess."

"Oh," said Charlie. But he didn't feel lucky. In fact, Charlie felt unhappy. If he couldn't find a three-legged chicken, then surely there was a boy or girl somewhere who would be looking for a chicken with only one leg. And that would be even harder to find!



★ Humorous story of a young boy.

January Make-it Fun

Picture Cookies

By Jo Ann Fluegeman

Get mother to help you bake some flat sugar cookies and, after they are cooled, ice them with a confectionary sugar icing. Then use food coloring and a clean watercolor brush to paint a design on each cookie. You can make decorated cookies in this way for birthdays and holidays.



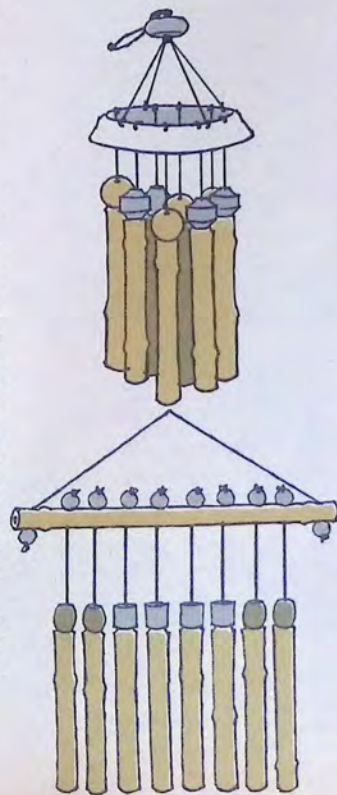
Bamboo Wind Chimes

By James W. Perrin, Jr.

Sometimes a new rug or one just back from the cleaner will come rolled around a bamboo pole. Or you may be able to buy such a pole at the hardware store. To make the circular wind chime, first cut off 8 pieces of the pole, each about 10 inches long. For each piece, thread a foot-long piece of yarn through a large wooden bead and knot the yarn at one end. Glue a bead, at the knot end, to the top of each of the bamboo pieces.

Draw a line around a plastic bleach jug, about an inch from the bottom, and cut along the line. Next, cut a circle out of the bottom, so you are left with a ring-shaped section. Punch eight holes, equally spaced, around the ring. Pull the free end of each length of yarn through one of the holes in the ring and tie securely. Now punch four more holes in the ring, evenly spaced, and tie a foot-long piece of yarn into each hole. Gather these yarn pieces together about 6 inches above the ring. Knot, string one bead onto all four strands and knot again. Tie one more knot about 2 inches above the bead.

If you will look carefully at the illustration, you will see that the straight wind chime is made in a



similar way. In this case, however, the yarn strands are pulled through holes drilled in another length of bamboo pole and secured with small wooden beads and glue.

Peg in the Bucket

By Lee Lindeman

Get a wide-mouthed jar and clean it. Cut small circles from colored paper, and glue them to the outside of the jar.

On heavy cardboard draw the face of a person or animal, a little larger than the opening of the jar. Make a very large mouth on the person or animal you draw.

Paint the face with tempera or poster paint. When dry, cut it out. Also cut out the mouth. Glue the face to the top of the jar.

Make several three-inch long pegs from pieces of thin dowling or sticks. Paint each one a different color. Or you can make pegs from three-inch squares of colored paper, rolled tightly and fastened with tape. Write a different number on each colored peg.

To play the game, put the jar on the floor and stand with your feet close to it. From directly above, try to drop the pegs, one by one, into the mouth of the face on the jar. Shake out those that go in, and count up your score by adding the numbers on the pegs.

Give your friends a chance to play, too.



Toothbrush Painting

By Doris D. Breiholz

For a different-looking picture, use a flat-top toothbrush. Dip the brush in tempera. Paint with the flat part of the bristles or with the end and sides of the brush.



Ping-Pong Ball Puppets

By Lee Lindeman

A Ping-Pong ball forms the head of the puppet. Carefully poke a small hole in the ball, then cut a finger-sized hole with scissors, using the first hole as a starter.

Ears may be glued on or may be placed in slits cut in the ball. Paint the puppet head with tempera. Use paint, ink, or a dry marker to create the face.

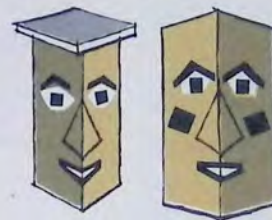
Use a square piece of cloth for the body. Put your finger in the center of the cloth and slip the puppet head over it. You are now ready for a puppet show.



Container Faces

By Mildred King

Cut off the top from a quart-size cardboard container, so that it is straight and open. Dip newspaper strips or squares into wheat-paste mixture and cover the container with two layers. Choose one of the four angles for making the face. Starting about 2 inches from the top, paste on a square of newspaper to make the nose. Start the eyebrows from the top of the nose, using narrow strips of paper. Use little squares for eyes and cheek spots, and two narrow strips of paper for the lips, letting the lip corners meet. When dry, a piece of cardboard 5 or 6 inches square can be pasted on top, if a hat is desired. Otherwise, leave it open for use as a vase or other receptacle. Paint the face and features whatever colors you like. For a more permanent finish, the container can be shellacked when the paint is dry.



Pop-top Ring Things

By Betty Nordwall

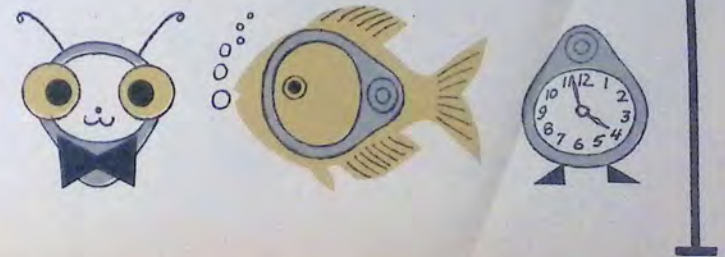
Pop-top rings are easy to find. Glue them onto paper. Add a few pen or pencil marks, maybe a scrap of paper or two, and what do you have? A Martian, a fish, a clock, a



Miniature Fruit Centerpiece

By James W. Perrin, Jr.

Spread a slice of white bread very thickly with white glue. Put another slice of bread on top of this. Squeeze the bread together and work into a dough. Add more glue if the dough becomes dry or crumbly. Shape the dough into fruit. For apples or other fruit with stems, make a hole with a toothpick in the top. When dry, insert a small piece of twig. Dry the fruit for several days. Paint with tempera. Use a jar lid as a base and glue the fruit to this in a cone shape.





Headwork

Do you like candy?
Can you throw a ball? Catch a ball?
Does a puppy get hungry?
What is your last name? Your first name?
Show which finger you use to point to something.
What part of an egg do we not eat?
When a plant grows, does it get shorter or taller?
Give the names of two of your playmates.
Do you wear pajamas in bed or outside playing?
How do we make toast from bread?

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Look at the pictures on page 8. Now close the book, and without looking at the pictures again, name as many of them as you can. Then turn back and see how many you remembered.

Did you ever see a bird taking a bath?

Why don't we have screens in the windows in winter?

Which has more wheels, an automobile or a bicycle?

Does chewing gum taste less sweet or more sweet after chewing it awhile?

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Do most trees have leaves in January?
Is the time usually longer from breakfast to lunch or from dinner to breakfast?
Deep snow had been piled up for several days. One morning the snow looked very clean and white. What had happened?

Do animal children know their cousins as you know your cousins?

Which may make more noise when a stranger comes to the door, a cat or a dog?

While Ginny was looking out the window, she said, "The wind is blowing hard." How could she know the wind was blowing?

If you didn't want to let a friend know you couldn't spell very well, why would you not write this friend a letter?

Do we slip more easily on ice when we wear rubbers or boots or when we don't?

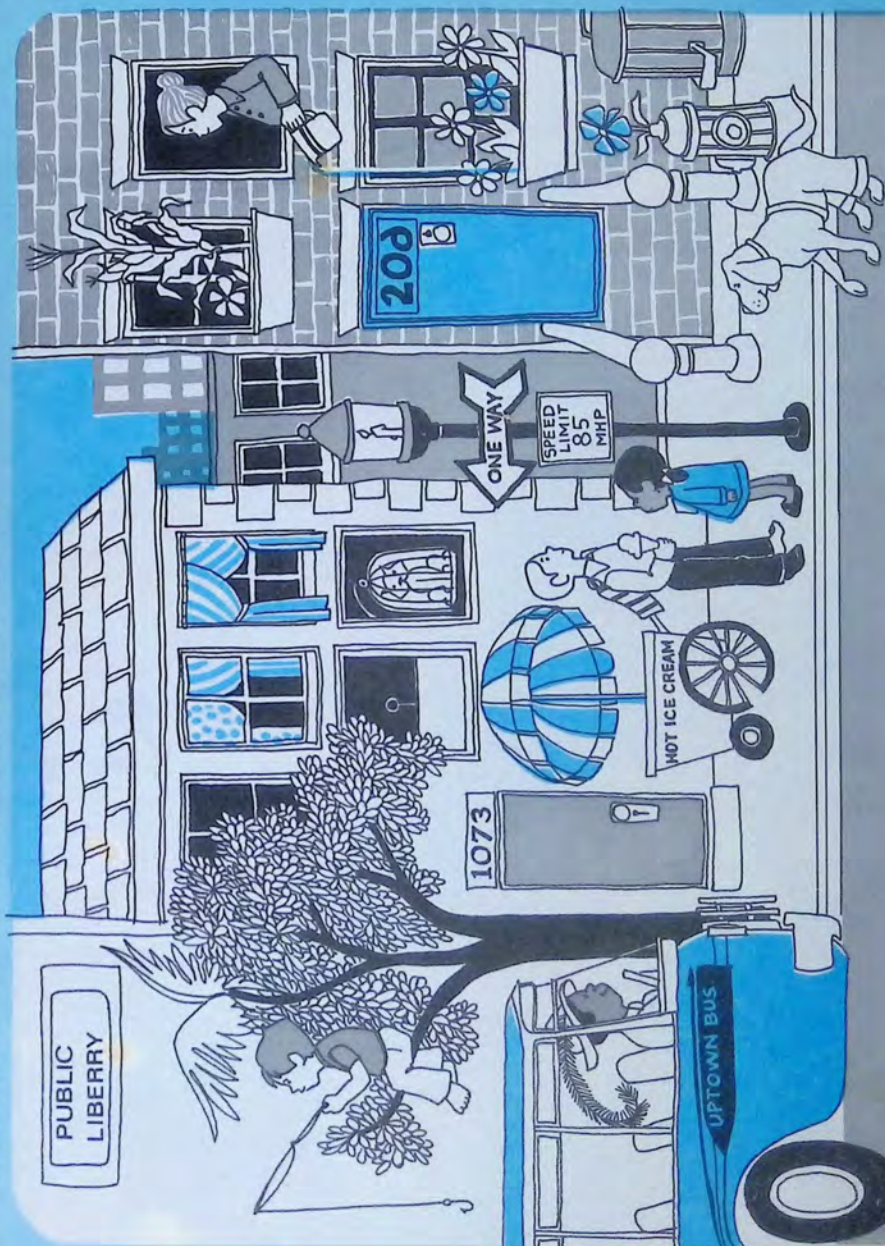
After Dick had been practicing his music lesson for a few minutes while his mother was working in the kitchen, she said to herself, "That boy is loafing on the job." Why did she think this?

Why can people all over the world, who speak different languages, enjoy listening to the same selections of music being played?

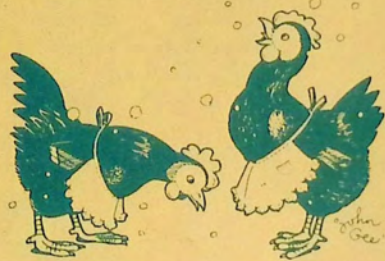
If while you were standing in a truck facing its front, it started quickly when you didn't expect it, might you fall backwards or forwards? If it stopped quickly, in which direction might you fall?

How many things wrong can you find?

WHAT'S WRONG?



Good-bye!



until next month

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